



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

WILHELM RAABE'S TRILOGY, *DER HUNGERPASTOR*,
ABU TELFAN, *DER SCHÜDDERUMP*

Wherein lies the unity of these three novels? To what extent may they be termed a trilogy? There is no unity of plot, no persistent character, no recurrence of scene or situation and yet Raabe testifies to an inner relation. The last paragraph of his *Schüdderump* reads as follows: "We have come to the close. And it was a long and hard road to travel from the pastorate of the *Hungerpastor* at Grunzenow on the Baltic via Abu Telfan in Tumurkieland under the shadows of the Moon Ridge to the poorhouse at Krodebeck at the base of the old Germanic Zauberberg."

The usual method of procedure in determining such a question would be that of a close analysis of the author's personality and the conditions under which these works were produced, with the end in view of weighing and determining the reflex of the author's personality and experience in the choice of his motifs, the shaping of his plot, the form and growth of his characters, and his distribution of life's destinies. But the difficulties of such a course are at once apparent, when one considers the taciturn nature of the man. His sole means of communication with the outer world, and for him no doubt the only adequate and satisfactory means, lay in his works. And in the brief period of his lifetime (1831-1910) the German nation grew richer by some thirty-eight volumes of stories and novels written by him. Yet although we have so little supplementary information from autobiographical material, a study of the trilogy in the light of Raabe's contemporaries will, I think, be found very illuminating.

In a certain sense, Storm's development is perhaps as typical of a certain phase of nineteenth-century thought and craftsmanship as any that could be adduced. His first serious literary effort, *Immensee*, stamps the youthful author a romanticist, who expresses the fullness of his emotional life in a *Stimmungsnovelle*. His last novel, *Der Schimmelreiter*, depicts a totally different type of hero and points to a totally different outlook upon life. Hauke Haien is a man whose

life is a constant struggle against the hostile elements of the North Sea and the inferiority, superstition, meanness, and parsimony of his home community. *Der Schimmelreiter* is a splendid type of the *Konfliktsnovelle*; *Immensee* treats of the fame and fortune of an individual in its individual aspects.

A further phase of nineteenth-century thought we have represented in Hebbel. He grew to manhood amidst want and poverty; his early life presents a scene of constant conflict. What further development does he show beyond Storm? His most mature works embody the more tragic aspects of life. He brings the message that the wholly innocent and guiltless too often suffer from the tyranny of unwarranted social conditions. The tragedy of the misfit in its various forms and aspects, the hardships accruing to the individual in transition periods, when values and standards are undergoing change—these are the subjects that attract him.

Raabe shows a development similar to that of Storm and Hebbel. This is our thesis. In the three novels above mentioned he deals with the question, What is life? In formulating his first answer, he begins with the *Entwicklungsnovelle* like Storm. His outlook upon life broadens and he gives his second answer to the question in the form of a *Konfliktsnovelle*. This too is inadequate to express the fulness of his observations, and he shapes his third answer like Hebbel in a tragedy of unwarranted social conditions.

All these novels, however, have their meaning. The third answer to the question, What is life? does not make the first or second superfluous. All three present equally valuable aspects of the one great problem. To answer it implied the closest observation and the fullest experience. "We have come to the close," says Raabe in the last of the series, "it was a long and hard road to travel."

The first of the series, *Der Hungerpastor*, in which Raabe treats the problem of individuality in its individual aspect, was written in 1863, when the theory of evolution was rapidly gaining ground in German literature, primarily no doubt, through the life-work of Goethe. The opening scene is laid in a German village in the year 1815. It is therefore meant on the whole as a treatment of life and conditions in the present. There are two persistent characters depicted in sharp contrast: the one in his development to ever greater

wisdom and usefulness, the other as he sinks into hopeless degradation. What they have in common is *Hunger*, the desire to grow, that force which, in the opinion of the author, is at the basis of all life. Even a superficial examination of the novel will confirm the opinion that its theme is the individual impulse to grow both in its salutary and in its destructive aspect.

Hans Unwirrsch is the son of a poor shoemaker, who plies his needle and drives his pegs under the gleam of an iridescent globe hanging there before him to catch and concentrate the rays of light from a small lamp in his dingy workshop. His life is one of unceasing toil and of golden dreams never to be realized. When death comes his son falls heir to the shoemaker's globe and to his father's longing for knowledge and understanding.

The first step in this direction is the community school for the poor. The scenes described remind us of Dickens. When the master Silberlöffel breathes his last, it is with this sad plaint, "I have been very hungry, hungry for love and thirsty for knowledge; all else was nought."

Hans enters the *Gymnasium*. His mother cannot understand the boy's striving, his groping from the darkness into the light, but with the instinct of love and the sacred memory of her husband's dreams to prompt her, she slaves at her washtub and adds to the meager store of the paternal inheritance. The shoemaker's globe is the symbol of their lives.

The author stops to philosophize. Man is born with the hunger for eternal things; he feels its prompting in an unselfish longing for something that is yet to come. But when the years of discretion are at hand, its sacred impulse is stifled all too easily in a compromise with the comforts of life and the all-absorbing pursuit of its showy baubles.

Not so with Hans Unwirrsch. Love beckoned him and Love stood at his side. There was the sacred memory of his father to guide him, the daily sacrifice of his mother to spur him onward. To trudge along the hard road of poverty ennobled him, for it pledged him to unselfish duty, and it fortified him to strive on without flinching. So his years at the university hurried on all too quickly and his experiences as a private tutor in the homes of wealth and opulence began. There

was a time when there came to his ear much loud laughter—laughter with no ring of joy in it—and for a nature like Hans Unwirrsch's, whose "why" went out to every contradiction of life, this was a dangerous period. But it left him sad, not bitter. The undefined *Hunger* of his youth eventually became a calm, well-poised, ever-present, purpose of life, such as, active in millions of hearts, leads humanity onward in its course and upward.

So we say farewell to Hans, happily married in a modest parish on the bleak coast of the Baltic, devoting himself to a life of service among poor fisher-folk. This is his prayer as he assumes the duties of his charge:

I have gone the way that thou, Father Unwirrsch, hast directed.

I have erred much; and often my heart has failed me.

It is hard to come from the huts of the lowly; *his* heart must be strong midst good and evil.

He who is born in the depths, shall be the liberator of mankind.

There is nothing greater in man, than his longing for eternal values.

Father Unwirrsch, I have followed my pathway and been sore at heart; I have found the truth; I have learned to choose the genuine and despise the trivial.

I have no fear, for Love stands at my side.

And in his Christmas sermon at Grunzenow, the old retiring pastor Fillenius told of the good tidings that gladdened the hearts of men—how great and splendid was the Roman Empire and yet how desolate and waste this earth; how Christ was born into the hungry world and all mankind raised aloft its arms for the bread of life; how the heavens were opened and there appeared a great light, and men and women knelt and heard the words, "Truth! Freedom! Love!"

Raabe's first answer then to the question, What is life? is an answer in its individual aspect. Life is a striving of the noble soul for eternal values. Like Faust, Hans Unwirrsch is led from obscure aspirations through love, experience, beneficent activity, to a knowledge of the "one true way." Like Faust in his last moments, he devotes his life to the service of love on a bleak and storm-driven coast and builds free and happy homes for the coming generations of men. "Hand on your weapons, Hans Unwirrsch!" is the slogan at the close. It means guidance, control, direction of the inner impulse for self-development and for service.

The contrast figure introduced to bring home this truth is Moses Freudenstein, the son of a down-trodden Jewish peddler and dealer in second-hand goods. Moses is directed to know and to understand, so that he may the more effectually shield himself against oppression and the more surely triumph over his enemies. These are the old Jew's words: "You will grow to be a great man; you need fear no one; and the 'cake' you will have, too. They'll have to give it to you. And I'll help you to get the money." Moses grows in knowledge and in selfishness. His father rejoices, "He will never bend his back in humility." But Moses forgets the love that attaches to the penuriously gained wealth his father is amassing for him and secretly despises the childish old man. What is dark in the boy's soul grows darker and Egoism stretches forth its hundred arms to seize the world. His desires are always gratified—gratified at any cost. His father, his friend, a few trusting women, his own inner approbation, his wife—he sacrifices all for his vain ambitions. In 1852 the convert to Catholicism, Dr. Theophile Stein, the privy counselor and government spy on the movements of suspicious personages in Paris, is feared by many, hated by all, and dead to his fellow-men—dead in the most awful sense of the word.

Though this may be a splendid novel, it is entirely inadequate as an answer to the question, What is life? It is as though at this time Raabe had assumed the viewpoint of the ordinary man of affairs, who has no conception of himself as a historic phenomenon, as a unit of life that has been molded and welded into shape by the forces of the present and the accumulations of the past. It is as though he were still naïvely classifying all phenomena (witness the character of Moses) into the one category of good and evil without relation to the causes that make for good and evil. To him at this time life seems to have been isolated and quite independent of its environment. Let man strive unselfishly for the benefit of others is his gospel.

But what of the darkness that too often obscures the vision? What of the chains and fetters that impede one's movements and to which the wanderer is all but oblivious? And even with worthy ideals steadfastly pursued, is the rock of purpose impervious to the attack of hostile forces—to the drip, drip, drip of falling water? It

is perhaps with these thoughts in mind that Raabe once referred to his *Hungerpastor* as *eine Jugendsünde*.

The second novel of the series is his *Abu Telfan* in which he takes up these very problems involving the relation of the individual to his environment. The tragic heroine of this tale is Nicola von Einstein. The parallel figure, serving as a magic mirror of her situation and experiences, is Leonhard Tagebucher. These are the two persistent characters. Both are striving like Hans Unwirrsch for higher things. The Moses Freudenstein of this novel is Herr von Glimmern. Nicola figures as the victim of Herr von Glimmern, who in turn comes to an untimely end as a punishment for his rascality.

As already mentioned Leonhard Tagebucher's experiences serve as a companion piece to those of the heroine. At the opening of the story he makes his appearance with a history that leaves the reader in no doubt about his situation. The study of theology had disagreed with him, he had taken sudden leave, and after many adventures with slave-dealers in Egypt, was himself taken captive on the Upper Nile and held the slave and servant of a big fat beauty, Kulla Gulla, in the land of Abu Telfan under the shadows of the Moon Ridge. Now, at the beginning of events, after eleven years of bondage, with his fetters unclasped, he returns home—penniless but free, free to his native town of Nippenburg, to his parents, to his uncle, and to his Aunt Schnödler.

What is Nippenburg? Like Keller's Seldwyla, the home of the Philistine, Abu Telfan with a vengeance. A community of those dull, narrow-minded souls, whose lives are bounded by the conventional, whose mass-instinct relentlessly crushes the helpless unit that dares to depart from the beaten path of tradition, and then applauds its terrible deed of savagery in complacent self-righteousness. This is the home to which Leonhard Tagebucher returns, the Nippenburg of his golden dreams during eleven years of abject slavery. And the author pauses to remark: "As our acquaintance grew with this splendid fellow we have come to the conclusion that his most varied, astounding, dangerous, and mysterious adventures were not experienced in Egypt, Nubia, Abyssinia, and the Kingdom of Darfur, but here, where by long centuries of established usage the name of Germany appears upon the map." Let it suffice

to say that in the relentless conflict, waged for the preservation of his personality and self-respect, Leonhard Tagebucher eventually gains peace of heart and mind and is able to administer to the needs of another more helpless than himself.

This poor unfortunate is Nicola von Einstein, one of his first acquaintances upon his return from slavery. Nicola's father had been a general at a petty German court with never an opportunity to prove his valor. Upon his death the mother and daughter were left destitute and Nicola was educated as befitted her station by the favor of the duchess. She became one of a brilliant court constellation and was betrothed to Victor von Fehlleysen, an officer of her set. A rascally, but carefully masked plot by Herr von Glimmern, the confidant of the prince, destroyed her happiness. Her betrothed left for parts unknown, unable to bear the seeming disgrace of his father's ruin, and Nicola was left to mourn and hope for his return.

She is twenty-seven when she meets Leonhard Tagebucher, the fugitive from Abu Telfan and the slave of Nippenburg. Her misfortunes have cleared her vision. She sees that she, too, is beating her wings helplessly against the bars of her golden cage. What has life to offer her? A dull routine of trivialities from which she cannot escape, a fairy-tale world with but one object of existence: to live up to the standards of her station. To make matters worse, her mother is championing the suit of Herr von Glimmern, who offers her an assured position in society and a varied round of pleasures for her distraction. Thus she maintains the hard struggle to remain true to her better self. But the hopelessness of the future, the constant appeals and admonitions of her mother finally undermine her strength of purpose. She "buries her heart and takes life as it is." She "closes the book of her hopes and her dreams and resigns herself to the inevitable." (A quotation from her letters.)

Nicola succumbs to the drip, drip, drip of falling water and pays the penalty. When the rascality of Herr von Glimmern is revealed to the world, she takes refuge in the solitude of the deserted mill. Silence reigns about her and no wave sweeps to the threshold of her retreat. "If you knew what I know," says Mahomet, "your laughter would cease and your tears would flow." This is the motto upon the title-page.

But Nicola von Einstein lost heart! True, the odds were overwhelmingly against her, but if she had clung to hope like the old woman in the deserted mill she would have suffered no such shipwreck.¹ Raabe's second answer seems to have been: life presents a relentless conflict in the pursuit of eternal values. Life is what the individual makes it in spite of opposition. And compromise spells ruin.

Is this an adequate answer? Not long, for Raabe. What was he to say of many an unfortunate, who had begun life's journey with him in the golden chariot of Hope, as Schiller describes it in his *Ideals*. Did life here fall short of its glorious possibilities because like Nicola they lost heart in the struggle? Though some may have lost heart, is it not equally true that others never wavered? And then the end came and they greeted Death as the great Comforter. This is Raabe's third answer in his *Schüdderump*, the death-cart.

The scenes of this story are laid in the little village of Krodebeck near the Harz Mountains. Dietrich Häuszler, the village barber, had served his apprenticeship in Berlin, that great center of wealth, and left it inspired with an ideal—the ideal of having a beautiful daughter, over whose destiny he might lord it at his pleasure. He was married in 1820. His wife died at Krodebeck in 1839, a deserted woman, one year after the departure of her husband from Krodebeck with his ideal realized and “beautiful Mary,” as she was called, at his side. In 1850 “beautiful Mary” returned to Krodebeck with her little daughter Antonie. This poor mother returned, lying on a litter of straw in a two-wheeled cart, to die in the poorhouse. In 1861, the scion of the Häuszler family, Antonie's grandfather, was likewise destined to return to Krodebeck, at a time when Marie Häuszler's child, Antonie, had grown to beautiful womanhood. And then the title of the novel was to find its fullest exemplification.

There on her deathbed in the poorhouse at Krodebeck, Marie Häuszler felt no remorse for the life she had led, for they had all been against her. Only when she thought of her child, the anguish of her heart convulsed her frame and she sobbed, “They will make her pay for what I have taken.” Jane Warwolf heard it and sighed: “Alas, it has been the way of the world for more than a thousand years.”

¹ Cf. *Abu Telfan*, pp. 197, 214, Janke ed.

Marie Häuszler soon passed away and brighter days followed. There in the poorhouse at Krodebeck, Hanne Altmann found herself repaid in caring for the little waif during one brief year of unalloyed happiness, for all her seventy-five years of suffering and wretchedness. Then she too passed away.

Upon the estate Lauenhof near by lived a rare man, one of those of whom Jane Warwolf could say: "He lost his way and came from another world into ours and now he is searching for the way home and gives heed to nought else at the wayside that attracts men." He was a retired officer from the Wars of Liberation, a poor refugee, who lived at the Lauenhof dependent upon the good wishes of its energetic mistress, quite unaware that he gave far more than he received. But Frau Adelheid knew and came to him often for counsel. Sometimes there were tears in her eyes because of the love and charity in his heart.

He was a strange man, too. A man whose life was filled with many misgivings; who strove without interruption by many queer turns and devious routes to probe the mysteries of existence. Ill satisfied merely to become cognizant of evil and to alleviate misery, his heart went out to the suffering and groped about in anguish for the why and the wherefore. A simple man! Not one of those unhappy fortunates whose life is filled with some great purpose ever beyond realization, but a child with the quaint wisdom of years, the inner need to question and the faith that Christ commended.

When little Tonie Häuszler first caught his attention in that miserable two-wheeled cart going to the poorhouse, this knight of Gläubigern did not turn away like Lady Adelaide Klotilde Paula de St. Tronin. On the contrary, he intervened to send the angry mob of Krodebeck citizens about their business and, after the sufferers had been cared for, he returned to the Lauenhof with little appetite for the evening meal and retired somewhat earlier than was his custom to the seclusion of his rooms.

A year later, when Hanne Altmann had passed away and little Tonie had fled in terror from the poorhouse to his arms, he took her to his heart, watched over her, and reared her like his own child. The seed fell upon rich ground. She became the treasure of his heart. "I had grown to be sixty-eight," he confesses, "ever searching for the

missing something in my life—until she came to tell me and to tell us all. For they all lived in want of what she brought to Krodebeck, though perhaps they strove less for it and suffered less for want of it.”

Now what a beautiful story it would have been, the author reflects, to have pretty Tonie Häuszler, accomplished, the handmaid of all the Graces, duly installed at the Lauenhof as the life-companion of her close friend and playmate, Hennig von Lauen! For there were moments when he thought in all truth that he loved her. But, alas! 1861 was near at hand, when “the serene blue of the ethereal skies above was to resound with Olympian laughter.”

Dietrich Häuszler, Tonie’s grandfather, had been all but forgotten these many years. Picture the consternation at the Lauenhof when the report was spread abroad that Dietrich Häuszler, a wealthy dealer in government supplies and incidentally the willing tool of the unscrupulous, was on his way to Krodebeck in a coach-and-four to claim his long-forgotten granddaughter. He came and pressed her to his heart and none could say him nay, when he kissed her lips again and again and fondly vowed that they should never part. It was in 1861 that this beautiful girl of sixteen summers, her heart filled with golden dreams and rosy hopes of youth, mounted the *Schüdderump*, the death-cart, though to all outward appearances it was her grandfather’s coach-and-four. Not that Dietrich Häuszler was to traffic shamelessly with his granddaughter, as he had with his child; he had wealth now and there was no need of offending his good taste with brutalities. But he brought her to Vienna into his world of vice, hypocrisy, and charlatanism, and four long years in this stifling atmosphere sufficed to sap her strength and bring her to an untimely end.

The tale draws to a close. One more view of the feeble, aged knight, hurrying to the side of his helpless child to tear her from the clutches of her foes. But how pitiful his errand! How ineffectual all human aid! Oh, the agony of his helplessness! Grimly the terrible Sphinx of Destiny directed her gaze upon him with those large, cold, unfathomable eyes. His head sank low upon his breast and feebly he groped about in the darkness. “Tonie, Tonie,” broke from his lips. But she understood. “We shall be together,” she whispered, “no one can do us harm.” And he too knew—knew how

utterly his last brave dash to the rescue had failed—knew too how completely it had been successful.

To those who are earnestly striving for their hearts' highest ideals, Death appears at the end as the great Comforter. This is Raabe's third answer in his *Schüdderump*. Life's course is not a golden chariot-race. It is what society makes it for the individual in spite of his enduring pursuit of eternal values. For many an unfortunate, because of the criminal disregard or failure of society's sacred duties,¹ it is but a journey to the grave where all is peace. This is not pessimism, with which Raabe has sometimes been charged. It is the unflinching utterance of the close observer. When Böcklin painted his portrait, it was with a quiet, pensive look in his eyes, listening to the dirge that grinning Death is fiddling to him from the background. Yet his hand never deserts his brush and palette. For him Death, like Raabe's *Schüdderump*, is not a specter of terror; it is but a further incentive to make life's work enduring.²

Thus Raabe's trilogy is philosophically a unit, though not such in point of form.

We have come to the close—and it was a long and hard road to travel from the ideal of beneficent activity on the part of the individual in the *Hungerpastor* through scenes of struggle and conflict with the inertia of the masses in *Abu Telfan* to the contemplation of the tragedy of unwarranted social conditions enacted in the poor-house at Krodbeck at the foot of the old Germanic Zauberberg.

To bring out the salient features of this paper the critical judgment of the reader is directed to the following points.

First, the statements of R. M. Meyer³ and W. Speck⁴ regarding the unity of the "trilogy" were evidently not meant to be exhaustive. Particularly as to Meyer it may be urged that there is no struggle portrayed against "Life's last trump card,

¹ Cf. *Der Schüdderump*, pp. 28, 277, Janke ed. "Die Canaille bleibt Herr."

² *Ibid.*, p. 4.

³ *Die d. Lit. des 19. Jahrts.* (1900), p. 568: "Der Hungerpastor ist der Jüngling, der mit tausend Masten auf dem Ozean schifft; in Abu Telfan ringt er vergeblich mit der Gewöhnlichkeit, versinkt in den Sumpf der alltäglichen Hindernisse; im Schüdderump treibt still auf zerbrochenem Kahn der schiffbrüchige Greis in den Hafen. So bilden die drei Bücher wirklich eine Einheit."

⁴ *Meine Erinnerungen an Wilhelm Raabe.* *Daheim* Nr. 49 (1908), p. 8: "Der Hungerpastor, Abu Telfan, der Schüdderump, das Buch der Jugend, das Buch der Lebensmitte und das Buch des Alters."

Death" in Raabe's *Schüdderump*. Meyer's brief statement may be said, however, to characterize the prevailing moods of the novels, to which H. Junge¹ calls attention more clearly in pointing out the influence of Laurence Sterne.

Secondly, the Gerber theory of a unity of idea² is no longer tenable. Brandes³ protested that it would have been psychologically impossible for Raabe to write *Der Hungerpastor* with *Der Schüdderump* already conceived. The one is simple in its outlook upon life, the other deeply complex. In a chapter on *Komposition und Technik*, H. Junge⁴ traces signs of well-arranged plans of structure in most of Raabe's works and comes to the following conclusion: Wenn er eine "Idee" zum Ausdruck bringt, so kann das nur im Sinne des angeführten Wortes von Spielhagen behauptet werden; nie aber "wird die Schilderung des Lebens . . . zu einer Fabel degradiert," sondern stets bleibt jene die Hauptsache und höchstens gibt die Idee, oder besser vielleicht die Grundstimmung, die Einheit der Erzählung. This position is now confirmed by Brandes' publications from Raabe's *Tagebuch*. There *Der Hungerpastor*⁵ and *Abu Telfan*⁶ were found briefly outlined. The sequence of their conception is consequently established beyond question.

Thirdly, Brandes and Adler have attempted to establish a relationship based upon the growing maturity of the author, the three novels representing successive stages of development. Their views are open to serious objection.

Brandes,⁷ charging influence of Schopenhauer, sees Raabe lapse more and more into a period of temporary bitterness and gloom.

¹ Wilhelm Raabe, *Studien. Schriften der Lit. Gesellschaft* (Bonn), IX, p. 131.

² Gerber, P., W. Raabe (Leipzig, 1897), p. 152: "Der gemeinsame Welt- und Lebensgrund bildet die Einheit darin. Eine neue Dichtungsform ist hiermit geschaffen"; p. 153: "Der Hungerpastor führt die Energie und die Erhebung zum Idealen auf den Welt- und Lebensgrund zurück. . . . Abu Telfan zeigt dann die Unvermeidlichkeit, die Angst und den Ausgang des Kampfes. Der Schüdderump endlich stellt beide, die Energie und die Erhebung zum Idealen und die gemeine und schlechte Wirklichkeit, vor den Schrecken und den Frieden des Todes." Cf. also W. Kammell, *22. Jahresbericht der Staats-Realschule* (Wien, 1907), p. 6: "Die grosse Romantrilogie verherlicht den einen Gedanken: 'Alles ist eitel' und trotzdem sind es drei verschiedene Bücher."

³ Wilhelm Raabe (Berlin, 1906²), p. 10.

⁴ As above, p. 65.

⁵ *Mitteilungen* (1912), Beilage zu Nr. 3, pp. 77 ff.

⁶ *Ibid.* (1915), pp. 76 ff.

⁷ As above, p. 10.

(Es ist) "eine Einheit in dem Sinne dasz sie die Stadien seines Weges der Erkenntnis bezeichnen von der freudigen Bejahung des Lebens . . . durch den wachsenden Zweifel zur reinschmerzlichen Verneinung."

For proofs that the influence of Schopenhauer is a negligible quantity see the testimony to the contrary of Raabe himself as reported by Th. Rethwisch,¹ H. A. Krüger,² Fritz Hartmann,³ see furthermore Marie Speyer's conclusion⁴ that Raabe's attitude toward life undergoes no material change. Brandes himself admitted a change of view on the influence of Schopenhauer in 1912⁵ but maintains⁶ his former position on the trilogy as quoted above.

Adler⁷ does not find Raabe's *Schüdderump* pessimistic. He sees the insight of the author grow to the point where, rejecting his two previous attempts at finding a formula for the great struggle of life, *Der Hungerpastor* and *Abu Telfan*, he voices a satisfactory third answer, *Der Schüdderump*, by proclaiming a victory of the ideal forces over the material. "Eine Trilogie kann ich in den drei Werken nicht sehen, auch nicht in dem Sinne Gerbers," is his conclusion in surveying the three novels.

Fourthly, Helene Dose finds Raabe's theme in his trilogy to be "die innere Menschwerdung," i.e., man developing esoterically to ideal form in consecutive stages.⁸ Discovering in Raabe an idealist of the purest stamp,⁹ she entirely disregards the social aspects of Raabe's panorama of life in *Abu Telfan* and *Der Schüdderump*.¹⁰

¹ Cf. H. Junge, as above, p. 10.

² *Der junge Raabe* (Leipzig, 1911), p. 37.

³ *Wilhelm Raabe* (Hannover, 1910), p. 66.

⁴ *Raabe's Hollunderblüte* (Regensburg, Habbel, 1908), p. 43.

⁵ *Mitteilungen* (1912), Beilage, p. 87.

⁶ *Ibid.* To be inferred also from *Mitteilungen* (1915), p. 62.

⁷ Kg.-Gym. zu Salzwedel. Progr. (1909), p. 17.

⁸ *Mitteilungen* (1915), p. 122: "Die Gestalten Hans Unwirschs, Leonhard Hagebuchs und Antonie Häuszers könnten in ihrer progressiven inneren Steigerung sehr gut Offenbarungen einer und derselben Individualität sein."

⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 121: "Est ist unverkennbar, dasz Raabe in dieser Trilogie sich als Idealist im strengsten Sinne des Wortes zeigt. Der Geist, seine Entwicklung und Steigerung, ist ihm alles, die Materie, die in dem vielfältigen Wechselspiel des Lebens sich auswirkt, ist nur Dienerin."

¹⁰ Cf. Kosch, *Menschen und Bücher* (Leipzig, 1912), p. 232: "Der Schüdderump ist aber auch eine soziale Dichtung, die tief in die Not und das Grauen der untersten Volksschichten hinableuchtet."

Abu Telfan was first planned with the title *Die Heimkehr Hagebuchers*. Says Brandes:¹

Von der nachmaligen tiefen und umfassenden Grundidee der allgemeinen Gefangenschaft in der Welt und der deutschen Heimat im besonderen und was damit zusammenhängt, von der politischen Satire auf das kleinfürstliche Deutschland der Bundestagszeit, die sich durch den ganzen Roman hindurchzieht, ist in dem Entwurfe noch nichts zu spüren. . . . Mit der Frau Claudine und dem prachtvollen Hoffräulein, Nikola von Einstein, dem "jungen Mädchen" des Entwurfs . . . zieht die ganze Residenzgesellschaft, Adel, Beamtschaft und Militär in den Roman ein.

Thereupon the title of the novel was changed to *Abu Telfan* with the evident intention, it would seem, of more adequately designating the author's conception of social conditions in Germany in 1862.

In like manner the "Death-cart" is not a symbol of Death alone, but of Death attended by social wrong.² If this were not the case it is difficult to understand why Raabe found this brutal symbol so befitting. It is impossible to explain his choice³ or relieve the bitterness of some of his utterances⁴ by pleading a surrender to temporary periods or moments of gloom. Twenty-five years later he insisted upon the truth of his message in unequivocal terms.⁵

In fact, in looking over the critical literature on Raabe we are constantly struck by observations made that tend to confirm the impression that the charge of pessimism against him is due to his interest in the social problem. Adolf Stern⁶ says, "Der Pessimismus Raabes hat eine besondere Färbung" and attributes it to the fact that Raabe sees social values he prizes constantly endangered and sometimes destroyed by demoniacal forces of the new day.

Bartels speaks in a similar vein. Says he,⁷ "Raabe is seeking for eternal values in personality like Goethe, for it is his great ideal to

¹ *Mitteilungen* (1915), p. 79.

² Cf. *Der Schüdderump*, p. 97: (der Wagen) "dessen Begleiter, die Leidenschaften, mit Zähneknirschen und Hohnlachen die eisernen Stangen und Haken schwingen; denn ihrer ist ja das Reich und die Herrlichkeit der Welt, und wer kann sich rühmen, dass er im Kampfe wider sie wirklich den Sieg davon getragen habe?"

³ Const. Bauer, *Mitteilungen* (1913), p. 137.

⁴ Helene Dose, as above, p. 123.

⁵ See the preface of his 2d ed. "unverschönert."

⁶ *Die d. Nationalliteratur* (1905), p. 149.

⁷ *Ein Vortrag* (Berlin, 1901), p. 20.

put soul into the modern Germany of colossal technical progress and magnitude." After the so-called "pessimistic" period (*Schüdderump*, 1869) he finds¹ Raabe's insight penetrating beyond the "official" Germany, not politically "official" he says, to the whole and true Germany.² "Es ist der berechtigte natürliche Pessimismus, . . . der so alt ist wie die Welt selbst."

Raabe's social and political views are briefly as follows. He was a strong and ardent supporter of the policy of centralizing power in the general government. He abhorred sectionalism. "Ich habe nur *ein* Vaterland, das heisst Deutschland." Within the Empire he favored states composed of free communities of citizens like the Brunswick of the days preceding 1671, das dem "angestammten" Herzog die Tore vor der Nase zuschlug.³ But he was far too deep a thinker to base his hopes of a millennium upon any state reorganization. In his first works, it is true, his protests are often directed against artificial standards upheld by class distinctions and the nobility are perhaps unduly arraigned. But later there is a change of attitude and people in every sphere are valued by their outlook upon life and by their inner worth. The Philistinism of the middle classes is now no whit less reprehensible than the arrogance of the nobility.⁴ "Es ist eine der volksläufigen Vorstellungen, dasz die höheren Klassen unserer Gesellschaft den ideeleren Bestrebungen des Menschen immer noch vollkommen fremd gegenüberständen. . . . Dem ist nach meiner Erfahrung nicht so, nicht einmal im groszen Ganzen," says Raabe in his *Alte Nester*.⁵

Fifthly, Raabe presents a tragedy in his *Schüdderump* that is based upon unwarranted social conditions and not upon the "guilt" of Lessing's theory of the tragic. He is deeply sensible of the influence of environment on character. He asserts the right of the individual to inner growth and betterment of condition and condemns the tyranny of society in its enforcement of artificial standards. The following quotations will confirm this. Readers familiar with

¹ *Die d. Dichtung der Gegenwart* (1903), pp. 63 f.

² Cf. H. Hoffmann, *Die Dichtung*, Band XLIV (Berlin), pp. 41 f.

³ Cf. Fritz Hartmann, *W. Raabe* (Hannover, 1910), p. 57.

⁴ H. Junge, as above, p. 117.

⁵ P. 144.

the current theory of tragedy that the suffering of the individual contributes to the uplift of society, of which Marie Speyer says:¹ "das ist Raabe's Lebensphilosophie in der Hollunderblüte," will find in the quotation from *Abu Telfan* a distinct note of personal protest against its calm avowal and promulgation.

Ja, ist das nun nicht der krasseste Pessimismus? Wo das süsseste, reinste, edelste Geschöpf, die holde Antonie, von den schleichenden Mächten der rohen Geldgier hier vertreten durch ihren eignen Groszvater erbarmungslos vernichtet, zu Tode gequält wird.

Aber es heisst auch noch etwas ganz anderes.²

Das ist das Erfreuliche am Leben, dasz der Mensch für seine Natur kaum verantwortlich zu machen ist, und so werden wir gewisz nicht auf den Meister Dietrich Häuszler und das, was er war, und um das, was er wurde, mit zu finstern Auge und zu tiefem Stirnrunzeln blicken! Nun hat ein Barbier in einer groszen Stadt, der sich auch ein wenig aufs Frisieren versteht, Gelegenheit, allerlei zu sehen und zu hören, worüber sich nachdenkliche Betrachtungen anstellen lassen. Das Ideal tritt in erstaunlichen Formen auf, und schon in Berlin lag das Ideal für Dietrich in der Vorstellung, eine schöne Tochter zu haben und beliebig über dieselbe verfügen zu dürfen.³

(Die gnädige Frau) ist immer in ihrem Reich und Kreise geblieben und hat immer Bescheid gewusst in allen ihren Pflichten und Rechten, und damit allein schon hat sie das allerbeste Los gezogen. . . . Ihr guten Leute hättet mich lassen sollen, wie ihr mich am Todestage der alten Hanne Altmann fandet; dann wäre ich jetzt eine fröhliche Magd und sänge vielleicht mit der Mamsell Molkemeyer meinen Tag weg. Aber der Ritter und das Fräulein, die tragen die Schuld an meinem Unglück; denn sie gaben mir den Schein, als sei ich brauchbar für die Welt, in der ich heute lebe. O der Ritter, der Ritter! ich küsse den Staub von seinen Füßen; dem Ritter danke ich all' mein Glück.⁴

O es ist ein recht süszer und erquicklicher Gedanke in allem Elend, dasz man zuletzt doch nichts weiter ist, als ein Bild in dem groszen ABCbuch der Welt, und dasz der ihr am besten diene, welcher sein Ich am Schandpfahl am nacktesten ihren Blicken, Worten, und Steinwürfen darbot.⁵

In conclusion we summarize as follows: Raabe's "trilogy" is a philosophic unit, representing at successive stages of maturity equally valuable aspects of the one great problem, What is life?

¹ As above, p. 49.

² H. Hoffmann, as above, p. 36.

³ *Schütterump*, p. 28.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 268.

⁵ *Abu Telfan*, p. 284.

Der Hungerpastor represents this problem for the individual in its salutary and destructive aspects of development; *Abu Telfan*, for those "unhappy fortunates" whose life is filled with some great purpose so often beyond realization, in its stern aspects of struggle and conflict; *Der Schüdderump*, in its tragic aspect, where the wholly innocent and guiltless suffer from the tyranny of unwarranted social conditions. Thus the "poetic realist" Raabe, leaving the Romanticism of his boyhood days behind him,¹ links himself in his treatment of the social problem with the great writers of the post-classical tragedy,² Grillparzer and Hebbel.

E. O. ECKELMAN

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

¹ Cf. H. Junge, as above, p. 128.

² Lessing, O. E., *Grillparzer und das Neue Drama* (Leipzig, 1905), Vorwort.